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MISCELLANEOUS.

From Friendship's Offering, for 1840.

The Doctor's Two Patients.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

The Doctor had made a long round, he was tired to death, and the worst of the matter was all these foolish patients had real maladies; not the imaginary fantastical complaint of the rich, who are ill because they have leisure, but the positive substantial malady of the poor.

Now, as these troublesome patients were really afflicted with the long catalogue of ills that "flesh and blood is heir to," and as our young Doctor was very foolishly unlike a great many of his wiser brethren, he felt himself unable to miss them, or cut them altogether; and as one disgreable consequence generally comes pretty closely on the heels of another, it of course came to pass that all his patients were poor, and the Doctor himself not very rich; and thus again it followed that he was obliged to resort to that primitive mode of conveying himself about,—the fashion of which was first set by Adam,—we mean that the Doctor not being able to afford a carriage, or a cab, or a stanhope, or a tilbury, was obliged to carry himself.

Now on the morning in question, the Doctor had carried himself till he was thoroughly tired of his burden, and he came home weary and worn, and though not complaining, just within a few degrees of the danger of doing so.

"Two new patients, sir, want you directly," said the Doctor's assistant.

"Will not-to-morrow morning do?" asked the Doctor, as he looked at his own arm chair by the fire, and that fire a good one, his slippers most invitingly ready for his feet, the table spread for his dinner—"Will not-to-morrow morning do?"

"I believe not, sir—they seem urgent."

"But if people only scratch a finger or happen to sneeze, the Doctor must come on his peril, without a moment's delay. Did you ask what was the matter with them?"

"The lady has a fever, sir, and the man—"

"The lady and the man—oh, then, the lady is a lady, and the man is only a man. Ah, I understand you, they are of different conditions."

"You could leave the man till to-morrow sir."

"Could I,—and suppose that he should die during the night?"

Now, though our Doctor had fairly and honestly earned a right to a little rest, having most thoroughly tired himself in his vocation, the foolish sort of conscience of which we have already spoken as forming one of the component parts of his character, would not allow him to discard his boots, or plunge into the comforts of his easy chair; so breaking off the corner of a crust and giving one last, longing, lingering look to his cheerful fire, he summoned up all his resolution, and once more ventured forth into the rain and mud.

The Doctor made his nearest patient his first; it happened to be a lady.

The evening was darkening, and the grass growing brighter, when our Doctor, listed the knocker of a sort of shabby genteel looking house, in one of those ambiguous streets, of which it is impossible to say whether they are within or without the pale of polite toleration; the difficulty arising from their standing just on the line where gentility ends and vulgarity begins, and being in fact of the worst of the best, or the best of the worst, nobody being able to decide which, excepting the inhabitants, and they gave a positive opinion, because they know the street, wherever it may happen to stand, is second only to Grosvenor Square. Our Doctor's summons was answered by a maid of the same nondescript character. The outside of the house was in exact keeping with its external countenance; the furniture and arrangements being all of a similar class of shabby gentility; and our hero saw at a glance, that it was "Lodgings to Let."

The apartment into which he was ushered, looked sufficiently uncomfortable; there were marks in the fire place that there had once been a fire, but it might have been a week ago for any symptoms that appeared to the contrary. Our Doctor felt the gloom of the place, but when he was shown into the adjoining room, the scene was still more desolate. A faint, untrimmed lamp burning low in the socket, emitted flickering flashes of light over the apartment just sufficient to show a woman in the middle of life, burning with fever and raving with delirium, lying on a bed; and a girl, the perfect image of fear and misery, weeping over her.

The Doctor sat down by the side of that solitary bed, and proceeded to speak of hope and comfort, and the young nurse dried her tears, and listened to his words as though they had been syllabled by an angel tongue.

"You are not alone!" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"It is not fit that you should continue so. Had you not better send for some such friends to share your vigils?"

Fresh tears came into the young girl's eyes as she answered:

"We have no friends, at least in this great town, if any where."

"Are you strangers in town?"

"We have been here only a month."

"And have you really no connections in town?"

"No; mamma came on law business."

"And are you sole nurse?"

"We are alone," replied the girl, "alone in the world."

"The people of the house?"

"Are afraid of coming near us. They dread infection—it is natural."

"May I send you a nurse?"

The girl again shook her head.

The Doctor did, rather than saw, that pecuniary difficulties were the objection.

"You will not be able to stand much more fatigue;" and the Doctor looked on her flushed cheeks, her blood-shot eyes, and her evident exhaustion.

"Yes, I can stand anything; you have strengthened me with hope."

"But to-night will be an anxious night—a crisis in this disorder; and in the midst of fever and delirium, I am obliged to warn you—it is not right that you be left unsupported."

You know that she will die!" exclaimed the girl, and in a paroxysm of frantic grief she threw herself upon her knees by the bedside, hiding her face in its folds, and clutching handfuls of its drapery in her convulsive grasp.

"I have already told you," said the Doctor, "that I do not know it—that I do not even think it—but, certainly, something better than the indulgence of a childish sorrow is imperatively called for."

The girl rose up again with an offended air notwithstanding her grief. "I shall do all that I can."

"And I shall do the same," replied the Doctor.

Our Doctor went from that shabby genteel looking house to one of much less doubtful aspect; it was so thoroughly and perfectly miserable that no one in senses could shut his eyes on its wretchedness and desolation.

It was not quite dark, and the streets were like the black sea, perfectly fluid with mire and mud. Not a light glimmered in the obscure court into which our Doctor entered, for the commissioners of lighting and paving left the one to the moon, and the other to the mud; and as the moon happened to be absent on other duty, it required some courage and perseverance on Mr. Kendrick's part to steer himself into the farthest extremity to the court and up three pairs of stairs into a back attic, where he at length found his patient.

Alas! alas! that these bodies of ours should be the avenues of so much misery. Not a nerve of this corporal frame but opens a channel to suffering—not an atom that may not vibrate with agony.

Very dreary and desolate was the dreary chamber—the fitting scene of human suffering. Not a spark of fire to lighten the aspect of its squalid poverty; a deal table, a chair with broken splinters and worn-out rush bottom, and a trundle bed, were all its garniture; and on that bed was lying the second patient.

Our Doctor drew the rickety chair close to him, and sat down. A wretched rushlight made the darkness visible, and cast its pale light on the features of the miserable man; he was cadaverous and attenuated; his features almost incredibly sharp and thin; pair of wild but faded eyes, deep sunken into their sockets, shot out fierce glances of anger and suspicion; lowering shaggy eyebrows, a bald forehead, and a few white locks on either side, completed the picture. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust, and fear and fretfulness.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the sick man, staring fiercely as the Doctor took his station by his bedside; "Who are you?"

"I have come to see if I can do you any good," replied the Doctor, in soothsaying tones.

"Good! no! nobody can do me any good!"

"You must not be sure of that. It is worth the trial."

"Sure! yes I am sure! I suppose you are a Doctor. I want no Doctors; they kill more than cure. Don't waste your time here."

"I shall not think it wasting if I can be of any service to you."

"There, go away—go away—I hate your whole tribe! Leeches! Bloodsuckers!"

"Well, even they are good things in their way—Doctor may be so too in his way," replied Mr. Kendrick, good-naturedly.

"Better out of the way," grumbled the impatient patient.

"Have you tried them?" asked the Doctor.

"No, nor intend it."

"Then you condemn in ignorance; a wise man ought not to do so."

"Hark ye, Sir," exclaimed the sick man, raising himself upon his elbow, with a look of fierce exultation, as though he was about to say we're quite unanswerable; "Hark ye, Sir; the poor are bad patients for your tribe. Look round this room; do you think a broker would give five shillings for all that it contains?"

"Probably not," replied Kendrick.

"Ha! ha!—and where do you think the money would come from to pay your long bills? No, no; go away, go away. You would never get paid; you see that you never would be paid."

"I am willing to give up the expectation; but that is no reason why I should leave you to die."

"But if you never get paid, what does it matter to you whether I live or die?"

"If I had never seen you or known of your existence—nothing; but having seen you, I am bound to my own conscience to do all that I can do for you."

"Without getting paid?" screamed the patient, without getting paid?"

"That does not affect my responsibility. I think I can do you some good—it is my duty to try—it is yours to let me."

"Try then," grumbled the sick man.

The Doctor went home, but not to the enjoyment of his dinner, his easy chair, his slippers, or his good fire; it was only to make preparations for the care of his two new patients.

Another hour had made a wonderful difference in the aspect of affairs. Mr. Kendrick had managed, in that time, to surround his poor patient with a few comforts, had sent him a blanket, procured him the cheering advantage of a fire, had given him medicine, and what was equally necessary, nutritious food.

Neither had he been less careful of his other patient. There he had himself administered medicine; himself smoothed the sick pillow, and seen all that was needful duly done.

And never was kindness and support more craved for than in that sick chamber. The girl was totally unused to depend upon herself, and in a situation that would have tried the strongest fortitude, sat by the bedside of her mother, who was raving with delirium, almost paralyzed with terror. They were evidently strangers, unknown. There was not a relative or friend to share her toil or cheer or sustain her under it. Our doctor however, sanctioned by his profession, became both nurse and comforter, and by that immutable law which makes the weak lean upon the strong, he was, under God, her trust, her strength, her oracle.

Three days—three days of unspeakable anxiety and terror to poor Esther, followed. Alas, the heavy weight of moments, that seem hours—of hours that seemed days—of days that seemed years. Poor Esther's bloodshot eyes, her pallid lips, her fainting frame, bore witness to the flagging spirit; but our Doctor's cheering voice, his strength of mind, and his consoling courage still sustained her. By a gentle but firm compulsion, he had made her at intervals take an hour's rest upon the soft in the adjoining room, whilst he assumed her station at the bedside. In his calm, kind, and nutritive voice he had ordered her to take needful food, and she obeyed him like a child. When she grew frantic, he reproved her; when she despaired, he consoled. Oh! profession too noble for man—office rather of angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken heart, of snatching life from the grasp of death, of giving to the mother the child, to husband the wife, the loved one to the loving, shamed husband; they will murmur and murmur; they will not starve in quietness, but the voice of their misery is mingling with the revelry of the rich. There, go, leave me, let me die alone like a dog. Let me turn my face to the wall, and die!

And so saying, the old man turned himself angrily away from his visitor.

"You can have the blanket back again," he continued, "it is not much worse; but you'll have the washing to pay for—that's your own fault! Why did you send it? and the broth, and the jelly?—I didn't ask for them; that must be your own loss, too, and it will teach you better another time."

The old man paused, expecting a reply; but the Doctor remained quite silent, so the patient turned himself over once more, and found that Mr. Kendrick had seated himself very quietly in his old rickety chair.

"What, not gone yet?" exclaimed the old man petulantly—"I thought I told you to go."

"Yes, but then I should have had the trouble of coming back again; so I thought I had better wait until you were reasonable, hoping that it would be soon, and that I should save time."

"Reasonable!" repeated the old man. "Is it unreasonable to want nothing?"

"But you want strength and help, or at least I want them for you."

"And I shall die!" exclaimed the old man. "I feel that I am sinking into my grave."

"You feel exhausted because you have been long deprived of proper nourishment."

"And where was I to get it? Where was I to get it?"

"The past has gone from us all," replied the Doctor; "let us make the best of the present—Be calm and peaceful, and take such things as I send you."

Another rush of painful feelings came over the old man's face;—a sort of convulsive working of the features, like the breaking of a stormy nature; and the Doctor left his poor patient with fresh tears gathering in his sad, wild, sunken eyes.

But sorrow is not confined to the lowest abodes of poverty; wherever man fixes his dwelling, there the shadow falls.

So the Doctor found the footsteps of this son to our race, (ungrateful that we are, is it not a friend, though a friend in disguise?) in the dwelling of his other patient. He found Mrs. Heathcote propped up in bed with pillows, the coverlet strewn over with parchments and ominous looking papers, diffusing the effluvia of a lawyer's office, and the sick woman feverish with anxiety and excitement, and poor Esther, pale and tearful sitting at her pillow.

"This is treason," said the Doctor, "actual treason! You ought not to bestow even a thought on business."

The poor, thin woman drew up her wasted neck with an air of great dignity, and said: "It is the advantage of people in mediocrity to be exempt from engrossing cares. They mind their daily business; those of elevated station are absorbed in higher cares."

"Then mediocrity has the best chance of health," said the Doctor.

"Sir, we have a lawsuit pending," said the lady, with increased dignity. "It will now be speedily decided, and I soon shall recover health and strength."

"Or lose them," thought the Doctor.

"I shall then go down to my country seat—one of my country seats—on which I have not decided; but I shall, of course consult you, as you fill the station of my medical adviser. After this suit is settled, I shall have choice of two princely dwellings."

"Or none at all," thought the Doctor.

"But you are not poor! you are not poor! reiterated the sick man.

"And not likely ever to be rich," replied the doctor.

"Not if you are so extravagant," answered the sick man; "you have torn that good piece of white paper all to pieces."

"It was only what your medicine was wrapped up in," responded the doctor, as he extracted the cork from the bottle, and presented its contents to the patient.

"It would have done for another bottle if you had not destroyed it," replied the careful man, "there now, you have thrown the cork into the fire—that is sheer waste; and pray, while I think of it, do you wrap the bottles back again?"

"No; let them go with the paper and cork."

"No, no, I shall sell them; depend upon it, nothing is wasted here; and by the bye, will you buy them? You doctors give rather better prices than the marines."

"I must refer you to my assistant; I never interfere with that part of the business myself."

"Then I don't wonder that you are not overrich; and pray, why do you waste your time upon me?"

"I repeat, that I do not call it wasted time, if I can do you any good."

"But I warned you in the beginning that you would never get paid; and in fact I never sent you; I am not responsible. It was the people of the house."

"What shall hinder me?" asked the old man.

"Your own good sense."

"That says go."

"No, indeed, that could not be your good sense. You mistook the voice; it was only Caprice that spoke," said the Doctor playfully.

"I am not to be bantered out of it."

"I speak of a reason, not of a jest."

"And I have a reason, a great reason for going."

"And I have a reason, a great reason—nay an enormous reason for keeping you at home."

"I won't be chained up like a dog, and jested with like a child. I'm not crying for a toy. I will go."

"I see," said the Doctor, "that I entirely misinterpreted the nature of your complaint. I ought to have ordered you a straight waistcoat."

"It seems that you will provide me a keeper."

"Then you will not let me call myself your friend?"

"Friend!" exclaimed the old man, as tho' his ears were startled at the unwonted sound. "Friend! have I a friend in the world?"

"I am trying to prove to you that you have, but you know that the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"Mutual! what do you expect from me?—what have I to give you? Shall I die and bequeath to you these rags, and this mystery of furniture?"

"I am wishing to prolong your life, not to hasten your death."

"Or, perhaps, you think I have a large freehold estate, and look for some reversionary acres, or ships full of rich merchandise, or exchequer bills, or diamonds?"

"Now it is your turn to jest."

"And if none of these, what can buy you to me for a friend?"

"These things could not buy me; but you have stronger claims upon me."

"What are they?"

"Sickness and sorrow."

"And do these, which disgust and frighten all the rest of the world, make you my friend?"

"I am trying to prove myself such; but as I told you before, the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"You mean that I should obey you like a slave."

"No I mean that you should oblige me like a friend."

"Do with me what you please!" cried the sick man; and, abandoning all his opposition and his acrimony, he submitted like a child to the wish of our Doctor, who, taking immediate advantage of his relenting humor, say him once more with his head upon his pillow, and left him as he believed, composed and peaceful. Scarcely, however, had he descended the dirty, crooked, battered stairs, before the old man, pertinacious in his purpose, had again raised himself from his recumbent posture, resumed his tattered garments, his unsound shoes and his beaverless hat, and, having first carefully locked his room door, staggered after him, clinging to the banisters, and muttering as he went.

Our Doctor paid his visit the ensuing day, unsuspecting of what had happened. He had not yet grown callous in the course of his profession; and he was shocked to find his patient with the last sands of life fast falling through the glass. "I am dying," said the old man, "I am dying; and you are the only being in this world who has shown kindness to the destitute old man. You said that you were my friend and that the offices of friendship were mutual. You have disengaged them well; and I, little as you might suspect it, I have done something on my part. You have thought me poor, but you were wrong. I was only miserly. I had nothing to love, neither wife, nor child, nor friend, nor kindred—and so, because we must love something, I began to make a treasure—a god, if you will—of gold; it was because I had nothing else to love. Ay, you little thought you were paying court to the rich old miser, instead of showing charity to the poor old beggar. But—stoop lower, my breath fails me. Take this packet; and he gave him a small parcel wrapped in the identical piece of torn paper which he had reproached him for wasting.—Take it—it is yours. I went to the Bank yesterday to make a transfer—into your name.—There take them—they are Bank receipts. I have saved you the legacy duty!"

The fortnight that had stood between Mrs. Heathcoat and the possession of her fortune, that is, the decision of her lawsuit, which she considered the same thing—had gone to the tomb of the Capulets. On that day, our Doctor was guilty of the sin of neglecting his patients; he remained at home all the day.

The evening at last came. Mr. Kendrick took his hat; it was covered with deep crepe.—Mr. Kendrick had lost his poor patient, and was the richer by more than twenty thousand pounds.

He found Mrs. Heathcoat in hysterics on the sofa; her head dress disordered, her cheeks stained with tears, and Esther by her side, trying to console her. He saw in a moment that the suit was lost.

Now we do not mean to impugn our Doctor's kindness of heart, but certainly the distress which he witnessed brought a flush of pleasure over his countenance—however, quickly assuming his own professional face, he sat down and began to exercise his provinces of giving advice.

And what was his advice? Gentle reader, it was neither more nor less than this; namely, that Mrs. Heathcoat should increase her connections (that was rather technical) by taking the Doctor himself for a son in law, and as her country seat had turned out to be castle in the air, that she should content herself with a more mundane abode, and take up her residence in his house, although he confessed it was only built of such vulgar materials as brick and mortar.

And did the lady of a line of kings so condemn? She did, and Esther was nothing loath, nay, even rejoiced at the exchange;—and so a Wife and a Fortune were both found in "The Doctor's Two Patients."

An English paper, giving an account of a literary dinner, says that the Queen Dowager and other State Paupers, were toasted. There is more truth than flattery in this.

[From the correspondence of the Eastern Argus.]

WASHINGTON Dec. 2, 1839.

At 12 o'clock precisely to-day, the clerk of the old House of Representatives, according to inviolable custom, called the members elect of the new House to order. After calling the roll by States, beginning with Maine, until he came to the State of New Jersey, he called the name of Mr. Randolph, the undisputed member, and then stated there were conflicting credentials in regard to the other five members, and that, by leave of the House, he would omit the further call of the State, until he had gone through with all the States, and then submit the question of right in the case to be decided by the House.

Hereupon arose a desultory debate, which lasted for about three hours, and left things in precisely the same state in which they were when it commenced.

Mr. Maxfield, of New Jersey, called for the reading of Governor Pennington's certificate and the law of New Jersey, applicable to the case.

Mr. Vanderpoel, of New York, thought it would be well for the clerk to state all the facts in the case, before any law was read upon the subject.

Mr. Rives, of Va., was in favor of passing over the whole subject until the roll of members had been fully called, and a quorum ascertained to be present competent to act.

Messrs. Hoffman, of N. Y., and Wise, of Va., insisted most vociferously that the Federal members of New Jersey had the only proper evidence of membership, and that their names should not be passed over at all.

Mr. Halsted, of New Jersey, followed in the same strain. As a member from the sovereign State of N. J. he claimed all the rights of membership. He had presented a certificate of election from the Governor of his State, authenticated by the great seal of the State, and he demanded that that certificate should be duly respected. He talked for some minutes, in a style of great bombast, and satisfied every body, no doubt, that he had much better kept silence.

Messrs. Tillinghast, of R. I., and Fillmore, of N. Y., argued, also, in favor of the conclusiveness of the Governor's certificate.

Mr. Slade of Vt., was in favor of going through with the roll, before any discussion was had concerning the New Jersey members. He wished the clerk had taken the responsibility of calling one or the other sets of claimants from that State, instead of referring the matter to the House, as he had done.

Mr. Cost Johnson, of Maryland, denied the authority of the clerk to decide, thus, upon the rights of members, even for a moment. He said that if the clerk undertook to exercise such a power, he would not consent to acknowledge it by answering to his name.

Some further remarks were made by Messrs. Biddle, of Pa., and Slade of Vt., which were not distinctly heard when

Mr. Sergeant, of Pa., contended, in very peremptory manner, that the clerk should only decide upon the form of the certificate, and not whether the Governor of New Jersey had acted fraudulently in granting it.

Mr. Everett, of Vt., took the same position and argued at some length in its support.

Mr. Bynum, of North Carolina, said that gentleman seemed to think that there was no other party in this case except the Executive of New Jersey. He begged to remind them that the people of New Jersey had a right to be considered.

They claim justice at the hands of the House against the outrageous fraud of Gov. Pennington.

Mr. White, of Ky., spoke at some length, and somewhat impetuously, against the right of the clerk to go behind the Governor's certificate, for any reason whatever—declared that such a course was opposed to all precedent, and in violation of the recorded opinion of many members of the late Congress. He alluded to the case of Moor and Letcher, and cited some remarks of Mr. Polk, of Tenn., Mr. Thomas, of Md., and Mr. Bynum, of N. C., in relation to that case. When he had concluded, Mr. Bynum obtained the floor, but gave way to Mr. Mercer, of Va., on whose motion, the House adj.

Thus has passed the first day of the session, unprofitably perhaps, but yet peacefully. No one seems disposed to create unnecessary excitement, and the federal predictions of bloodshed and violence, have, therefore, all failed of fulfillment.—How long before the organization of the House will be completed, it is impossible to say. Probably, several days are yet to be passed in discussing preliminary questions.

The two parties, it is understood, have fixed upon their candidates for Speaker. The opposition held their caucus on Sunday night (all the religion!) and nominated Col. BELT, of Tennessee. The democrats, I learn, will support Mr. Jones, of Va.

In the Senate, nothing was done after calling the roll. The members were all anxious, I suppose, to witness the proceedings of the House, and adjourned, therefore, directly after the organization. Thirty Senators, I understand, were present, of the forty-six elected. There are six vacancies, you are aware, in that body. In the House, but a single member was absent—Mr. Kremphall, of N. Y. Every other member was present in his seat—something hardly known in Congress since the organization of the Government.

WASHINGTON Dec. 3d, 1839.

The opposition have not yet permitted the House to organize. To day as well as yesterday, has been occupied with a discussion of the New Jersey case, and we have been compelled to listen again to almost the same speeches which we heard twenty-four hours ago.

The whigs have exhibited to-day great want not only of common courtesy, but of common decency. After abusing Mr. Garland, the clerk, in the most vehement language for hours together, they refuse to allow him to utter a word in explanation of his course. He has repeatedly asked leave to make a statement to the House, of the reasons which have influenced his conduct, and has been as often refused by some one or more of the opposition members.

All of them, to be sure, are not thus unreasonable. Messrs. Wise, of Va., and Briggs, and Cushing, of Mass., begged that the statement might be heard. On the other hand, Messrs. White and Pope, of Ky.,

and Jennifer, of Md., protested with great earnestness against the reading of any such document, and it has, accordingly, not been read.

One of the great difficulties in the present situation of the House is, that the Clerk believes he has no authority to put a question, members enough not having been called to constitute a quorum of the House. As such is his opinion, and he is not allowed to proceed with the roll, it is difficult to see how any organization can take place until one party or the other abandons its present position. Even an adjournment is carried, now, only by general consent, the members indicating their wishes by all clearing out.

From appearances to-day many other members are prepared with speeches, and we may expect to-morrow another repetition of the scenes of yesterday. And thus, for ought I can see, the House may go on for weeks, without making any progress whatever.

The SENATE this morning only met and adjourned, without transacting any business—All the wheels of legislation must stop, until somehow or other the House can get organized.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4, 1839.

The wheels of legislation are not yet in motion. The House appears no nearer its organization than it was two days ago, when the Clerk first called the members present to order. Parties have come to no agreement; both sets of claimants from New Jersey still demand their seats; the Clerk yet thinks he has no authority to put a question, in the present embryo state of the House; the opposition still refuse to allow the call to proceed, passing by the State of New Jersey, until a quorum has been formed; and all, therefore, is discord and confusion.

In the House, to-day, three different resolutions have been offered to effect an organization.

1st. Mr. Wise, of Va., moved that the Clerk proceed to call the *undisputed members*, after which the House should hear & decide upon the contested seats. This very fair and reasonable motion met with so much opposition from the mover's political friends that he subsequently withdrew it.

2d. Mr. Graves, of Ky., moved that the Clerk proceed to go on with the roll, calling all the members who had the evidence of a Governor's certificate. This was simply asking the Clerk and his friends to abandon their position, and give up the whole ground which they had assumed—an absurd proposition which the mover supported in the most intemperate harangue which has yet been made.

3d. Mr. Hunt, of N. Y., moved that the House proceed to choose a temporary Speaker, who should have no power to appoint committees; that a committee of Elections be then chosen by ballot; and that after the contested cases before the House shall be decided, the House then proceed to elect its permanent officers.

The last two resolutions are the order of the day for to-morrow. Neither of them probably will be adopted. Indeed, I do not know who is to vote on them. A quorum of members has not yet been called, and the Clerk without a quorum will put no question; Besides, there are five more members on the floor than belong there—being eleven from New Jersey, instead of six. Shall all of them vote—if not, which of them? The whole matter is surrounded with difficulties, and shows most clearly what disastrous results must always follow any attempt to disregard the will of the people.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.

I omitted to mention in my last letter, that the House, last evening, regularly adjourned. The Clerk then decided that he might properly put a motion to adjourn, without a quorum of members. He still, however, retains his opinion that he can put no other question until he is allowed to go on with the roll. How, therefore, the various propositions before the House are to be disposed of, remains altogether beyond comprehension.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5th.

Thursday, P. M.

Well, the Gordian knot, which could not be untied, has, at last, been cut. The House has chosen a Chairman, and that Chairman is John Quincy Adams.

I will detail very briefly the proceedings which led to this result.

When the members had been called to order at 12 o'clock, Mr. Underwood, of Ky., took the floor. Mr. Underwood proposed a resolution similar to that previously offered and withdrawn by Mr. Wise, and sustained it with some extended and rather desultory remarks. He was followed by

Mr. Randolph, of New Jersey. Mr. Randolph's chief object seemed to be to demonstrate the sanctity of Gov. Pennington's signature, and the high authority of the *great seal* of New Jersey. His speech was, evidently, intended for home consumption, and was not made for the sake of shedding any new light upon the subject before the House. After he had uttered the patience of the House for more than an hour, he yielded

It was taken by

Mr. Adams, of Mass., whose appearance in the discussion attracted a great deal of attention from all parts of the House. Mr. Adams addressed himself, not to the Clerk, but to his "Fellow citizens, members elect of the House." He said they were in a novel situation. The clerk had not called the roll, according to the usual custom, and had decided that he could put no question.

The House itself seemed shocked by it, for when he uttered it, a general though subdued murmur of astonishment was heard throughout the hall. No, the people of New Jersey have not failed to vindicate their rights before the country. If Gov. Pennington's fraud is allowed to work its intended effect, it will not be because they have not spoken out against it in tones of fitting rebuke.

I was surprised, too, to notice Mr. Adams's inconsistency. When he moved his resolution that the clerk proceed with the roll, calling all the certified members in the usual way, Mr. Vanderpoel, of N. Y., proposed to offer an amendment excluding all the New Jersey members from voting on that question. Mr. Adams, therefore, moved to take away five sixths of New Jersey's representation in the House. Was this

first, however, asked the Clerk if he still held the opinion that he could put no question.

The Clerk said that, in his official character, he could put no question, though, as chairman, he might consent to do so. He said that, in conformity with his duty, he had prepared a roll of members, according to his honest convictions of right, but had not been able to get through with it. Until a quorum of members was called, he could not, in his capacity of clerk, consent to put a question. He regretted that the House would not consent to hear his reasons for the course he had pursued, and could only assure them that he had acted strictly according to his conscience, and with a single desire to do his duty.

Mr. Rhett then moved that Mr. Williams, of N. C., being the oldest member of the House, be requested to act as chairman thereof, before its organization.

Mr. Williams declined. He said the proceeding was altogether irregular, and that the Clerk should be compelled to go on with his roll.

Mr. Rhett then substituted the name of John Quincy Adams, put the question himself to the members, and declared the resolution carried.

Mr. Adams was then conducted to the chair, when

One motion of Mr. Mercer, of Va., the House resolved to be governed by the rules and regulations of the last Congress.

A call for adjournment was then made and carried.

These proceedings all took place very rapidly, and were attended with great confusion. The election of Chairman was received with mingled applause and hisses from the galleries.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6th.

Friday Morning.

The principal figure of yesterday's proceedings, as you already know, was John Quincy Adams.

The advanced age of Mr. Adams, his great experience, the fact that he had once occupied the highest office in the gift of the people, his acknowledged learning, and his very eccentricities, even, at point him out as a distinguished object of public attention. It is not strange, therefore, that when he rose to speak yesterday, every eye in the House was turned to him, and every ear anxiously bent to catch the words which the feebleness of his voice rendered it very difficult to hear. So, at all events, it was. Members from other parts of the House, as soon as he took the floor, gathered quickly in his neighborhood, and, for a moment, the noise and confusion which are almost incessant in the Hall, were pushed to implicit silence.

His remarks, I regret to say, were hardly worthy of the attention which they received. Some portions of them would have been unjustifiable, from the youngest man upon the floor, and were especially discreditable, to Ex-President Adams. I do not, of course, allude now to any of his sentiments which I mentioned in my last letter, for they did not contain even an abstract of his whole speech.

I refer, in the first place, to his uncalled for abuse of Mr. Garland, the Clerk, whom he reproached in the most violent manner, and in language little better than *slang*, for not proceeding with the roll, according to custom. Now, it should be remembered that Mr. Garland was perfectly willing to go on with his roll provided the House would allow

had full and ample power over the whole matter, and the just exercise of that power, he contended would shut out all the contested claimants from voting in their own case. Besides, these members were directly interested in the decision of this question. They were to vote whether they themselves were members or not—whether they should have certain immunities and privileges or should not have them—whether they should have their pay, too, their wages, or should not have them. If this was not interest, immediate and particular interest, he did not know what interest was.

Mr. Hoffman, of N. Y., next took the floor.—Mr. Hoffman had much to say about the charge of usurpation which had been brought against Mr. Adams. He, too, like his friend Mr. Wise, went into a lofty panegyric of the Ex-President's distinguished character, and wonderful "services." Just as if the people had not once passed their verdict upon these "services," and that verdict a verdict of condemnation! He, too, congratulated Mr. Adams upon having yesterday brought order out of chaos, and rescued the House from confusion. Just as if peace making was any characteristic of John Quincy Adams! Just as if he had not done more than any other man, for the last few years, to keep the House in disorder and tumult!—Mr. Hoffman was followed by

Mr. Vanderpool, of N. Y., who replied very eloquently to his colleagues, Messrs. Granger and Hoffman, the former of whom he lashed with great severity. We have not time to give any sketch of his remarks.

The discussion was continued, also, by Messrs. Bidwell, of Pa., and White, of Ky., when Mr. Duncan of Ohio, obtained the floor, and, on his motion, the House adjourned. We shall have a speech from him, I suppose, to-morrow.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 17, 1839.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

We ask such of our subscribers as are indebted for the Democrat two, three, four, five, and six years, to forward a part, if they cannot the whole amount, immediately. We are in great want of money at the present time, and if every one indebted would pay a part of the amount due it would aid us materially. We hope and expect to hear from all, without delay.

CONGRESS.

By information received up to the 9th inst we learn that Congress had not organized at that date. The contested seats of the New Jersey members appears to be the cause of the delay. New Jersey is entitled to six Representatives. At the last election of members of Congress, one Whig and five Democrats received a majority of all the votes in the State; but Gov. Pennington gave six Whigs certificates of election as having received a majority of the votes. The Secretary of State, Mr. Westcott, certifies that from returns received and as filed in his office, one Whig and five Democrats have a majority of the votes. Both parties claim to have titles to seats. The facts of the case were in the possession of Mr. Garlaad the Clerk of the last House, who is required by his oath, by custom, and by law, to make up a roll of the names of the members of the present Congress, so far as he can ascertain their titles to seats. At the opening of the present session he proceeded in the usual manner to call the names of members by States until he arrived at New Jersey, and having called the name of the member holding the only uncontested seat, he, in a brief address, asked leave of the body to make a statement of the course which he believed his duty required him to take in regard to the certificates under which the claimants to the contested seats presented themselves in that body. Some of the leading Whigs immediately objected, and insisted that he should neither explain his views of his duty nor perform it in any other way than that in which they thought it should be performed. Mr. Wise differed in this from some of his friends. He held that the Clerk might make known to the House what function he considered the law, the rules of the House, and usage imposed upon him; but still he contended that the Clerk had no alternative; he must call a list of members including those who have possession of the contested seats. He denied the right of the Clerk to exercise any power as a judge to decide upon the conflicting credentials, yet demanded, and appealed to the Clerk's oath and conscience to enforce the demand, that he should recognize one set of claimants or the other. The Constitution expressly provides that the House is alone authorized to judge of the returns of members. The Clerk in proposing to pass over the names of the contesting claimants, evidently proposed to refer the question on the disputed returns to the undisputed members of the House, who are alone competent to decide on their validity. But this fair and reasonable course was not permitted by the majority. They insist that the Clerk shall proceed to call the roll, and call a full representation,—and as a consequence permit those occupying contested seats to take part and vote in the organization of the House, before their titles to seats are decided. The minority have taken their stand upon the ground that the members sent by Gov. Pennington shall supersede those sent by the State,—that his certificate is of more importance than the voice of the people—and presume upon their power to force them upon the House, without allowing the body even a vote on the subject.

The Democrats, on the other hand, contend that either the House should organize, neither party of the claimants being allowed to vote until their claims have been settled, or that there should be temporary organization, the older member, as is customary, being in the Chair, and the contested seats be settled before any permanent organization. This latter mode of procedure was proposed, at first by Mr. Wise, but he was induced, by the violence of party feeling, to withdraw it. Mr. Rhett, a sound Democrat, then adopted it, and upon motion made by him on the 5th inst., J. Q. Adams, being the oldest member present, was called to the Chair, *pro tempore*. Thus, after four days of the most shameful confusion, brought on by Federal fraud and usurpation of power, involving the Union in the deepest disgrace, and the people in an expense, worse than useless, of something like three thousand dollars

last, per day, the House was temporarily organized. Here one would naturally think the difficulty might cease; but on the following day, when the House came together with Mr. Adams in the Chair, when a question was put he decided that the Federal New Jersey claimants had a right to vote as legal members. By this decision, the House was brought to precisely the same point from which it started on the first day of the Session. This decision was objected to as contrary to the express rules of the House, which had then been adopted, that no member should be allowed to vote on any question in which he was interested. The Chair replied that the Representatives were not interested in the question, it was their constituents! A quibble which we should have hardly thought any man occupying that responsible station would have availed himself of, much less J. Q. Adams. The flood-gates of debate being thus again thrown open, it is impossible to tell when Congress will be regularly organized.—The Federalists will listen to nothing short of the absolute and unqualified admission of the Federal claimants; to which the Democrats cannot, as friends of their country, consistently consent. Thus stands the matter up to the last accounts.

The Federal party appear not to be satisfied with the result of the mad game played at Harrisburg last winter, but the same spirit must be diffused throughout the whole clique, to be carried by them into our National Legislature. They will find in Congress, however, as they did in Pennsylvania, that it is hard to contend against the will of the people. Bullying is but a poor substitute for argument; and we should think the whigs had learned by this time, from experience, that attempts to defraud the people of their just rights can never for any length of time be successful.

At the Convention recently held by the Whigs at Harrisburg, for the nomination of candidates to be supported for President and Vice President, Wm. H. Harrison was nominated for President, and John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice President.

Kentucky Legislature.—This body met at Frankfort on the 2d. The House of Representatives was organized by the election of John L. Heline (fed.) as Speaker. After 11 ballottings, the Senate adjourned without effecting a choice of Speaker.

Susan Gouts has made Isaac B. Rowland pay \$1000, the Washington, Md. Court has so ordered, for promising to marry her and then refusing. Susan sold Isaac for a pretty good sum these "hard times."

Correspondence of the New York Express.

LONDON, Nov. 15th, 1839.

Since my last our city has been thrown into considerable excitement by the disastrous intelligence brought by the Liverpool steamer, which arrived here on the 7th: This has however considerably abated, in consequence of all the American Bills having been duly honored at maturity. How long this will continue is another matter; but from what I can learn, the American houses of any standing will make a desperate struggle to support their credit here, whatever may be the result at home. The principal thing to be guarded against is the high nominal value which will be put upon American produce, by the absence of all checks upon the issue of paper money by the suspension of a majority of the Banks. It was by that means they were enabled to keep up prices in 1837, but there is a wide difference between the two periods. At the former date the credit of the United States Bank was unshaken. It is believed in the best informed circles here, that Mr. Jaudon has been able to raise funds to a considerable amount on the securities transmitted by the Liverpool steamer, which is so far playing the same game over again by the influence of our own capitol. The effect has however rendered money a little easier in the discount market, although there is no change in the rates of interest charged on the Customers bills of the London Bankers. The discount houses are barely obtaining the rate fixed by the Bank of England, except on Bills of an inferior character. In return they are obtaining money or call from the Bankers at 5 1/2 per cent., & the amount thus placed at their disposal has increased since last week.

The above extracts are only specimens from two Whig papers. Many more might be given to show that there is no more union among the "great Whig party"! than there was before the nomination, when they were quarrelling about the candidates. Well, it matters but little whether they run an old broken down horse, a colt, or a filly, for the Presidency. They have lost the "start," and are already as far "distanced" that they can hardly expect to win the race! But, should such a thing take place, and this country be afflicted with such a "superannuated" old "Granny" at the head of affairs, of which there is not much danger, it would show the consistency of that party who have heretofore professed such terror of "Military Chieftains" for office.

A PRETTY GOOD HOAX.—While the carriers of the New York New Era were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the President's Message, a bundle of old Messages was discovered in the office, which they immediately laid hands on, and before the trick was found out, they were hawking about the streets and a pretty good number disposed of. The packets just starting for Europe, were beautifully supplied with them. One carrier is said to have realized \$12, from the sale of them.

A house in Glasgow has received an order from the Pacha of Egypt for 200 tons of bullets, to be sent out immediately. We guess he means to administer blue pills to some of his rebellious subjects.

Bank notes on the Philadelphia Banks to the amount of one million of dollars have been marked since the 9th of October last, as having been presented for specie payment. They will not pay out their own notes, or redeem those that are already out! What would be the fate of the individual who would thus conduct himself?

There is a hog on exhibition in Boston, which is but sixteen months old, and weighs nine hundred pounds!

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.—The Windsor correspondent of the Morning Herald, writing on Wednesday says, alluding to this forthcoming event—the two princes of Saxe Coburg-Saalfeld, Ernest and Albert, will leave the

YANKEE FARMER.—We learn from the last number of this valuable Agricultural journal, that a new volume will commence Jan. 4, 1840. It is published every Saturday on a Royal sheet, by James H. Baker, Middle street, Portland; S. W. Cole, Editor. Terms, \$2 in advance, or \$2 50, at the close of the year.

We should be happy to forward the names of subscribers for the above work, gratis.

"Every farmer should study well his profession; a wise head relieves the labor of the hands and leads to success."

The Ohio papers say that all the Banks in that State have resumed specie payment. A good example coming from a Democratic State.

Delicate Attentions.—In the tenth century, to eat off the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry and the best possible understanding between a lady and a gentleman.

Matrimony is a medicine very proper for young men to take. It decides their fate—kills or cures.

Cure for Cancer.—The Lynchburg Virginian says that Dr. Hopkins, of Abingdon, has discovered a radical cure for cancer, polyposis, &c. He first uses a vegetable substance, the name of which is not disclosed, but which eats away the excrescence, and leaves the roots exposed, and after removing these the patient recovers. Many cures are said to have been performed in this manner.

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Such is the position of affairs here, but the pressure on the Provinces, and particularly on the manufacturing districts, is decidedly on the increase. Under the apprehension of the screw of the Bank of England, the Joint Stock Banks are now curtailing their overdrawn accounts with too much rapidity, and unless these proceedings are guided with prudence, they will inevitably produce the result they are so desirous of avoiding, viz. the Bankruptcy of their customers, I do not however see how it is avoided, as it is well known the products of our principal branches of industry have in the aggregate yielded no profit for nearly two years; it therefore requires no gift of prophecy to foretell what must be the consequence.

In American Securities no transactions have taken place, except in United States Bank shares, several sales having taken place at £16 10 per share within the last two or three days, and they are quoted at the close of business at £16 per share, at which price 500 shares have been sold in the course of the day.

I have heard nothing further relative to the negotiation pending between Mr. Jaudon and the Dutch House alluded to in my last, but presume from the present position of affairs that all hopes from that quarter are given up, at least for some time to come.

The Quebec, which left your side on the 23d ult., arrived this morning, and upon the whole the accounts received by her are considered more favorable.

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.—The Windsor correspondent of the Morning Herald, writing on Wednesday says, alluding to this forthcoming event—the two princes of Saxe Coburg-Saalfeld, Ernest and Albert, will leave the

castle at an early hour to-morrow morning, in one of the Queen's carriages "horsed by the royal horses," for Dover, where they will embark that afternoon for the Continent. The Princes will be attended by Baron Alvensleben, and Count Kolowrat. The two Princes will proceed direct to Brussels, on a short visit to their uncle, the King of the Belgians, previously to their return to Germany. Prince Albert's return to England has been arranged to take place in March next; and we state, upon the best authority, that in the course of the following month, or early in May, the marriage of her Majesty with this "fortunate youth" will take place.

SMALL POX. We learn from the last

number of this valuable Agricultural journal, that a new volume will commence Jan. 4, 1840. It is published every Saturday on a Royal sheet, by James H. Baker, Middle street, Portland; S. W. Cole, Editor. Terms, \$2 in advance, or \$2 50, at the close of the year.

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Poetry.

From the Boston Cultivator.

THE FARMER.

"Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue"—Jefferson.

Drive on thou sturdy farmer,
Drive cheerly o'er the field;
The plowshares of a farmer's life
No other life can yield.

Thou risest with the morning sun,
To till the fruitful earth,
And when thy daily task is done,
Thou seekst thy peaceful beth.

Thou lovest not the gaudy town,
With its tumultuous roar;
Plenty and peace thy fireside crown,
And thou dost ask no more.

Monarchs with robes of splendor dyed,
Are low compared to thee;
They are the pampered sons of pride,
Thou'rt God's nobility!

Go on thou sturdy farmer,
Tread proudly on the sod,
Thou proud and goodly heritage,
Thou chosen man of God!

A DECLARATION.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Shakespeare.

Joathem Jenkins in his Sunday's best, sat one evening twirling his hat, at the house of Mr. Twistleton. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and Mrs. Twistleton had judiciously retired to her apartment, while Tibitha Twistleton, sat up to hear what Joathem Jenkins had to say and rake up the fire after he had taken his leave.

Joathem had been thinking over fine speeches which he meant to utter when opportunity should be given by the withdrawal of the old folks. But when that opportunity came, the words would not come. The fine speech stuck in his throat and he twirled his hat more indistinctly than ever. But Tibitha Twistleton had more presence of mind, and after enjoying his embarrassment for awhile, she opened her mouth and asked him what made him so dumb?

"Upon that him he spoke?" Any thing was better than nothing to break the ice; and that being now effected by the considerate remark of his charmer, he thus began:

"I say Tibitha—"

"Well Joathem."

"I've come here to night—"

"I see you have."

"To inform you that—some how or other—"

"Very likely Joathem"

"I don't know how it is—"

"Nor I."

"It's very queer any way, and I feel rather sheepish—"

"Bah!"

"Darn it! Tibitha, I love you! And now it's out."

"And you feel very much relieved, I dare say!"

"I do, I swoon, feel shockingly relieved; I feel as if a fifty six was off my stomach."

"Poor fellow I was your love heavy?"

"I guess you'd think so if you knew the weight on it. It pressed me down like a night mare."

"Well, Joathem, I'm glad to hear of your fortunate deliverance. But's growing late, and mother told me to cover up the fire."

"On don't think of the fire now, just as I've broke the ice. I've a world of fine things to say to you."

"What are they?"

"I haven't told you half my love yet."

"Oh I thought you'd had it all out."

"I love you like pizen I do indeed, Tibitha."

"That love must be fatal."

"It will be fatal to me if you don't marry me."

"Fudge! Joathem don't be a fool. Go home and let me cover up the fire—that's a good fellow."

"Won't you have me then?"

"I can tell you better Joathem, when you come to be a man."

"Aint I a man now, Miss Tibitha, I'd like to know?" said Joathem, rising with spirit and putting his hat on his head. "If I aint a man now, and a whole hog one too, I think it darn strange."

"As to the hog part there's no dispute about it," said Tibitha, covering up the last brand in the ashes.

"Well if that's the way you treat me, Tib, you may go to grass, and get a husband where you can for what I care."

"Thank you, Joathem. Now go home like a good boy, and tell your ma not to let you stay out at nights. You may get lost."

Joathem pressed his hat on his head harder than ever, and telling Tib, as he called her, that she might go to the d—l for all him; he left the house—giving one proof at least contrary to our Shakespearean motto, that a man may be endowed with a tongue, and yet not be able to use it so as to win a woman withal.

Carrying a joke too far.—In a neighboring village a few days since, a fellow was tried for stealing a wood-saw. The culprit said he only took it in a joke. The justice asked how far he carried it, and was answered, about two miles. This was carrying a joke too far, said the magistrate, and committed the prisoner.

A country greenhorn, after being joined in the chains of wedlock, was asked by one of the guests, a friend, if he had paid the parson; to which he replied, "Oli no; but he's owing father for a peck of beans, and we'll make a turn of it."

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

PAIN cannot exist but from *Corrupt Practices* being prevalent. Those who practice them are the chosen people of God, whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue"—Jefferson.

Drive on thou sturdy farmer,
Drive cheerly o'er the field;
The plowshares of a farmer's life
No other life can yield.

Thou risest with the morning sun,
To till the fruitful earth,
And when thy daily task is done,
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Thou lovest not the gaudy town,
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Thou proud and goodly heritage,
Thou chosen man of God!

Notice to Foreclose a Mortgage.

BE it known to whom it may concern and public notice is hereby given that I, the subscriber, do claim by deed of Mortgage dated the fourth day of May, A. D. 1837, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Oxford Book 51, page 396, a certain lot of land conveyed to me by Amos H. Russell of Sumner, being lot numbered 15, in the G. Range of lots in the town of Sumner; and I do further give notice that the conditions of the Mortgage aforesaid have been broken, the said Amos having paid the interest, and also the two first payments mentioned in said condition, by reason whereof I claim to foreclose the Mortgage aforesaid, and this public notice is given for the purpose of foreclosing the same agreeably to the provisions of the Statute in that case made and provided.

JOHN BRIGGS, Attorney for

ZALMAN BRIGGS.

Sumner, Nov. 18, 1839. *3w15

At the Hon. County Commissioners for the county of Oxford.

The undersigned, directed by a vote of the inhabitants of the town of Canton, would respectfully represent that the County Road leading from Canton Point through Jay, is in some parts exceedingly out of repair; that in some parts in Canton, said road cannot be repaired and kept so with a reasonable expense, and that an alteration in said road between Canton Point and Jay line, is deemed indispensably necessary. Therefore, in behalf of said inhabitants, pray your Honor to make all the alterations in said road between Canton Point and Jay line, that may be found, in your opinion, necessary, as soon as may be.

JOHN HEARSEY, Town Agent.

Canton, June 17, 1839.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, 25.
At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1839.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Hersey in said Canton, on Thursday the twenty-third day of April next, at one o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Canton, and on the County Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Canton, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

3w17 Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

To the Honorable Board of Road Commissioners for the County of Oxford, to be held at Paris within the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1839.

The undersigned would represent that the public accommodation requires that there be an alteration in the easterly county road leading from Waterford to Bethel; said alteration to commence about forty rods east of John Hunt's, in Albany, thence leading easterly through the valley and crossing into the old road about a mile from where it left it, which will be at the foot of the Leonard Cummings (so called)—Wherefore, your petitioners pray that your Honor after due notice in the premises to view said route and locate said new piece of road, or so much of it as your Honor should deem advisable, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

TIMOTHY HUTCHINSON & 79 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, 25.
At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1839.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Hunt in said Albany, on Tuesday the twelfth day of May next, at one o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Albany, and on the County Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Albany, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

3w16 Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, 25.
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue on Saturday, the 25th day of January next, at one o'clock P. M., at Hiram Hubbard's store on Paris Hill, all the right in equity which Caleb B. Darby has to redeem the following described premises, to wit: a certain tract or parcel of land situated in Hamlin's Grant being the vehicle of Lot number 10 in said Grant, containing one hundred acres, to be the same more or less, with the buildings thereon. Said premises were mortgaged to Caleb Cushman to secure the payment of \$213.24, said mortgage is dated January 23d, 1836, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 47, page 227.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Sawtell in said Turner, on Wednesday the twenty ninth day of April next, at nine o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest: Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine.

BENJAMIN WEINER, Administrator of the estate of John Weier, late of Sweden, in said county deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private claim against said estate.

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Waterville, in said County, on the twentieth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest: Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine.

MANESSEH LAWRENCE, Administrator of the estate of James Knox, late of Peir, in said county deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the seventh day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest: Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine.

MANESSEH LAWRENCE, Administrator of the estate of James Knox, late of Peir, in said county deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the seventh day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest: Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine.

MANESSEH LAWRENCE, Administrator of the estate of James Knox, late of Peir, in said county deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the seventh day of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w16 Copy, Attest: Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-nine.

MANESSEH LAWRENCE, Administrator of the estate of James Knox, late of Peir, in said county deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in